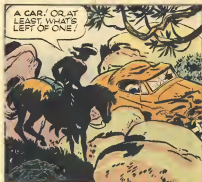
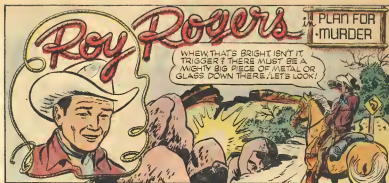


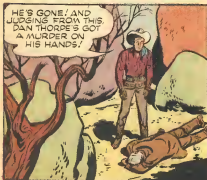
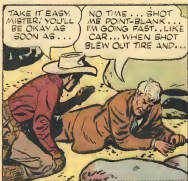
WESTERN ROUNDUP

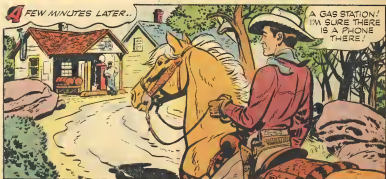




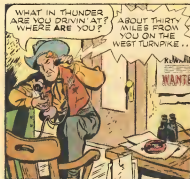
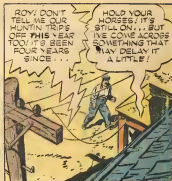
WESTERN ROUNDUP, No. 3, July-September, 1932. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 240 PPS, Larch St., New York 19, N. Y. George F. Delaney, Jr., President; Anna Delaney, Vice President; Albert P. Delaney, Vice President. Any person desiring their name printed for all the Four Offices of New York, New York, subscriptions in U. S. A. \$1.00 per year, single copies 25 cents. Canadian subscriptions \$1.15 per year, single copies 25 cents. Foreign subscriptions \$1.50 per year. **Dell Subscription Service:** 12 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N. Y. Designed, produced and copyright, 1932, by Western Printing & Lithographing Company. All rights reserved throughout the world. Printed in U. S. A. The names and likeness of Anna Delaney, May Rogers, Lure Allen, Johnny Mann Brown and Wild Bill Elliott, and used herein by special arrangement, and except for those who have authorized the use of their names herein, for names, names, characters, and services mentioned or portrayed are strictly imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

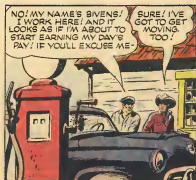
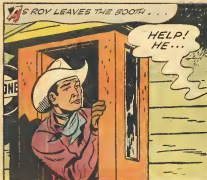


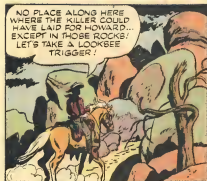




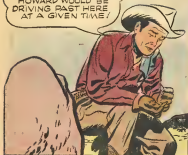








WHAT I DON'T SAVVY IS
HOW THE KILLER KNEW
HOWARD WOULD BE
DRIVING PAST HERE
AT A GIVEN TIME!



HE MUST HAVE
BEEN TIPPED-OFF!
BUT BY WHOM?



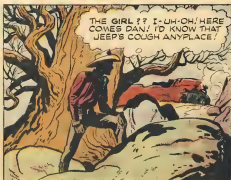
GREAT SCOTTY!... THAT'S
COOPER'S PLACE! IF HOWARD
STOPPED THERE FOR GAS...
AND FLASHED A BANK ROLL...

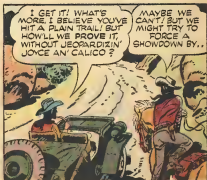
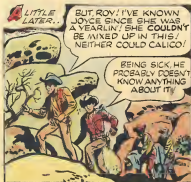
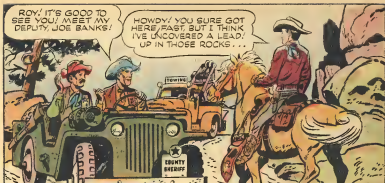


SOMEBODY FROM THERE
MIGHT HAVE MADE IT UP
HERE IN TIME TO BUSHWHACK
HIM! IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
BIVENS, AND THE OLD MAN'S ILL...



THE GIRL?? I-UH-OH! HERE
COMES DAN! I'D KNOW THAT
JEEP'S COUGH ANYPLACE!





HURRIEDLY, ROY OUTLINES A PLAN...

IT'S RISKY, BUT
WORTH TRYIN'-
SO GET GOIN'-
AN GOOD LUCK!

THANKS! I'LL
PROBABLY
NEED IT!



AND SHORTLY...

NOW WHAT?
GONNA MAKE
MORE PHONE
CALLS?

NO! I'M GONNA ASK A
FEW QUESTIONS. THERE'S
BEEN AN ACCIDENT DOWN
THE ROAD. MY NAME'S ROY
ROGERS. SHERIFF THORPE
DEPUTIZED ME AND SENT
ME BACK HERE TO CHECK!



DID YOU HEAR
- OR SEE -
ANYTHING UNUSUAL
THIS MORNING?

N-NO... AND I'M
SURE JOYCE DIDN'T.
EITHER. SHE'S BEEN
INSIDE ALL DAY!



SORRY, BUT I'M
AFRAID I'LL HAVE
TO GET HER
STATEMENT
DIRECT.

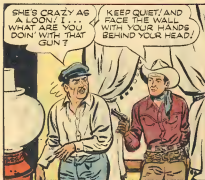
OKAY.
COME ON!



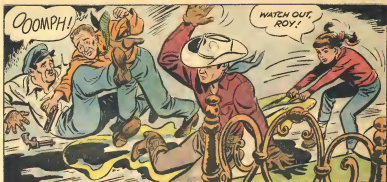
THIS IS DEPUTY
ROGERS, JOYCE.
HE...

I HEARD! I WAS
BY THE WINDOW!
I-I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING! I DIDN'T
HEAR ANY GUNSHOTS!









WHIRLING, ROY DUCKS JUST IN TIME...





INDIAN FIRE MAKING



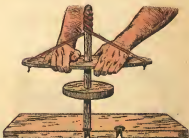
board will drop the spark into a handful of tinder, which should be prepared from shredded cedar bark and pounded dry grass. Carefully blow on the spark until the tinder is ignited.

An Indian "bow-drill" fire maker, like the one shown above, is easy to make. It consists of four parts: the drill, the hand-socket, the fireboard and the bow.

The fireboard should be about 16 inches long, 3 inches wide and 1 inch thick. A recessed and notched pit, see Fig. C, must be drilled in this board near one edge.

The drill is a pencil-shaped piece of wood, soft or hard, about 12 inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, Fig. A. The hand-socket, Fig. A also, may be whittled from any wood. A shallow hole in the bottom, center, to fit over the small end of the drill is a must.

A bow can be made from any pliant wood. It should be 24 inches long and strung with a thong of buckskin or cowhide one-half inch wide. See Fig. B. The drill is twirled by wrapping the thong once around the drill and drawing the bow back and forth. The friction thus created causes a spark to form and grow in the fireboard pit. A sharp tap on the fire-



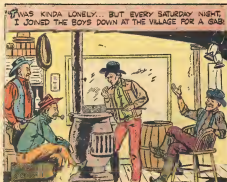
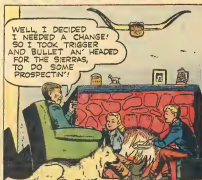
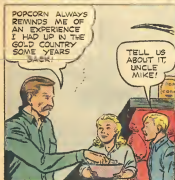
The Iroquois "pump-drill," above, is about three feet long and three-quarters of an inch thick. A disk flywheel, 2 inches thick and 7 inches in diameter, is made of hardwood and drilled to fit tightly over the drill stick. The crossbar is made from a piece of 1/2-inch-thick wood 14 inches long and 3 inches wide at the center. The ends are tapered.

A hole large enough to permit the crossbar to slip loosely over the drill stick is bored in the center, as well as a smaller hole at each end. A 4-foot length of thong is run through a hole in the top of the drill stick and its ends are fastened in the holes in the ends of the crossbar.

Then the thong is wrapped around the drill stick, see illustration above. When pumped downward the momentum of the flywheel rewinds the drill as the crossbar is lifted. As described previously, a spark forms in the fireboard.



Trigger and Bullet



"THE BOYS WERE ALWAYS KIDDIN' OLD JANGLES DODGE ABOUT THE SILVER SPURS HE WORE!"

THOSE SPURS SURE CLATTER, JANGLES! YOU EVER GOIN' TO BUY A HORSE TO GO WITH 'EM?

RECKON MY MULE'S THE ONLY LIVESTOCK I'LL EVER OWN, SHERIFF!

I'VE WORN THESE SPURS EVER SINCE THEY WERE GIVEN TO ME! AND I DON'T AIM TO TAKE 'EM OFF TILL I DIE!

WELL, LET'S HOPE THAT WON'T BE FOR YEARS!

"SHERIFF HALTON WAS A FINE MAN, BUT HIS BROTHER, AD, WAS STRICTLY NO-GOOD!"

DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED O' POPCORN, AD?

NOPE! BESIDES I'VE GOT NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO!

"A COUPLE O' SATURDAY NIGHTS LATER, JANGLES DIDN'T SHOW UP AT THE STORE!"

'TISN'T LIKE JANGLES TO MISS A SATURDAY POWWOW! WONDER WHERE HE IS?

MOST LIKELY COUNTIN' HIS WEALTH!

I DROPPED BY HIS PLACE TODAY! AND WAS HE EXCITED! HE'S MADE A STRIKE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE! GOT A GOOD-SIZED PILE O' GOLD NUGGETS!

"WE ALL FELT GOOD FOR JANGLES!"

LEAVIN' AD?

YEAH! I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

"THAT IS, ALL BUT AD HALTON! RECKON HE HATED FOR ANYBODY TO GET A BREAK... EXCEPT HIMSELF!"

AD'S SO RESTLESS... I'M AFRAID THERE'S TROUBLE BREWIN'! SOME- THING ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN HE'S IN ONE O' THESE MOODS!

MAYBE YOU'RE WRONG THIS TIME, SHERIFF!



BUT THE SHERIFF GOT WORRIED ABOUT JANGLES AN' RODE OUT TO MAKE SURE HE WAS OKAY! I WENT WITH HIM!"

THERE'S HIS MULE! HE MUST BE INSIDE!

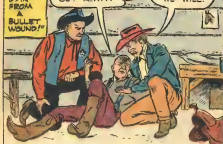
JANG-GLES!



JANGLES WAS INSIDE... DYIN' FROM A BULLET WOUND!"

THE DIRTY CROOK... TOOK M' GOLD... AN' M' SPURS... GET HIM...

DON'T WORRY, JANGLES! I PROMISE WE WILL!



WE LEARNED LATER THAT JUST THEN BULLET WAS REAL BUSY..."

GR-R-RUFF!



"LUSHIN' A TWO-LEGGED COYOTE!"

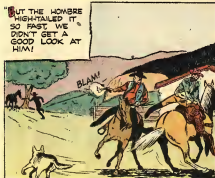
GR-R-ROWL!

GET AWAY, YOU MANGY CUR!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE O' YOU!





"...WITH SOME MIGHTY INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE!"

POPCORN! HOLY HAT! THAT COULD MEAN THE KILLER IS... AD HALTON!



"I LIT OUT FOR THE SHERIFF'S PLACE AS FAST AS TRIGGER COULD RUN... AN' THAT WAS FAST!"

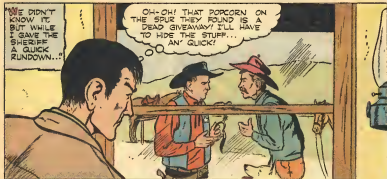
SHERIFF! LOOK!

JANGLE'S SPUR! WHERE DID YOU FIND IT?



"WE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT WHILE I GAVE THE SHERIFF A QUICK RUNDOWN..."

OH-OH! THAT POPCORN ON THE SPUR THEY FOUND IS A DEAD GIVEAWAY! I'LL HAVE TO HIDE THE STUFF... AN' QUICK!



"RECKON I WENT KINDA SOFT THEN..."

I'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' SOMETHING LIKE THIS, MIKE! AD'S GUILTY! I'M GOIN' TO RUN HIM IN!

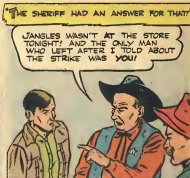
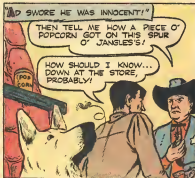
BUT, SHERIFF! HE'S YOUR BROTHER...



"BUT THE SHERIFF SNAPPED ME OUT OF IT!"

HE'S MY HALF BROTHER, MIKE! AN' HE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING BUT A NO-GOOD CROOK! NOW HE'S TURNED KILLER! AN' I'M THE SHERIFF! THAT'S THAT!





I ONLY MEANT
TO TAKE HIS
GOLD... AN'
SCRAM OUT O'
THIS STINKIN'
TOWN!



"LIKE ALL COWARDS, HE TRIED TO SHIFT
THE BLAME!"

BUT HE CAME FOR ME!
I ONLY THREW DOWN
ON HIM TO SCARE HIM!



JANGLES
DREW HIS
GUN AN'...
I DIDN'T
MEAN TO
KILL HIM!
IT WAS
HIM OR
ME!

THAT'S A LIE!
JANGLES NEVER OWNED
A GUN! ONLY A RIFLE!
AN' IT'S STILL LEANN'
AGAINST HIS SHACK!



"MEANTIME, BULLET HAD BEEN CHASIN' A MOTH
AROUND THE ROOM... AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN?"

SHERIFF! LOOK!



"IN THE
FIRELIGHT,
JANGLES'S
STOLEN
NUGGETS
SHONE LIKE
JEWELS!"

WELL, AD! WHAT
DO YOU SAY
NOW?



"INSTEAD OF ANSWERIN', AD TOOK A LONG CHANCE..."

STOP, AD! OR
I'LL SHOOT!

GO AHEAD! I'VE
GOT NOTHIN'
TO LOSE!



"...AN' THE GAMBLE WORKED!...TILL HE SIDESWIPED TRIGGER!"



"TRIGGER DIDN'T LIKE THAT! HE TORE LOOSE..."



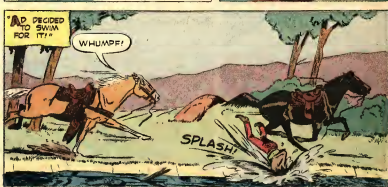
"AN' TOOK OUT AFTER AD LIKE A NUCCES STEER!"



"AD SHOVED IN THE STEEL, BUT HIS CAYUSE WAS NO MATCH FOR TRIGGER!"



"AD DECIDED TO SWIM FOR IT!"



BUT HE
DIDN'T
FIGURE
ON
TRIGGER...

SPLASH!



"NOR DID WE REALIZE HE WAS SO
NEAR THE FALLS..."

HELP!



"MEANTIME, I BORROWED
ONE O' THE SHERIFF'S
HORSES AN' REACHED
THE RIVER JUST AS..."

TRIGGER!
CATCH HIM!

WHAT A
HORSE!



NICE WORK,
TRIGGER!

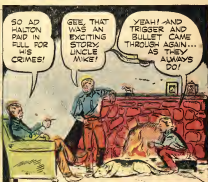


BUT THE EXCITEMENT WASN'T OVER YET!"

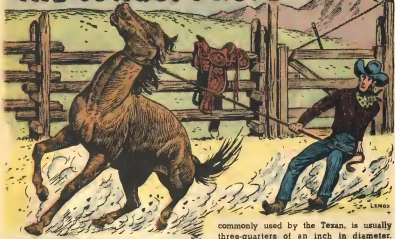
ARF! ARF!

LOOKS LIKE BULLET WANTS
YOU TO FOLLOW HIM, MIKE!..
GO AHEAD! I'LL TAKE
AD INTO JAIL!





THE COWBOY'S ROPE

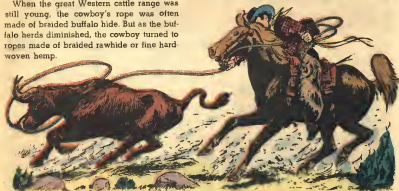


While the six-gun is credited with having tamed the West, it was a length of hard-twist rope that made the West. The cowboy's throw-rope made the great Cow Country possible. Without this coil of rope, the romantic cowboy, his horse and saddle would never have been a part of the West.

When the great Western cattle range was still young, the cowboy's rope was often made of braided buffalo hide. But as the buffalo herds diminished, the cowboy turned to ropes made of braided rawhide or fine hard-woven hemp.

commonly used by the Texan, is usually three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Whether of hemp or rawhide, the cowboy's rope varies in length from forty to seventy feet.

The longer length is carried by the Texan, who prefers to tie his rope securely to the saddlehorn a few feet from the home end. The cowboy of the Northwest, on the other

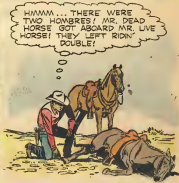
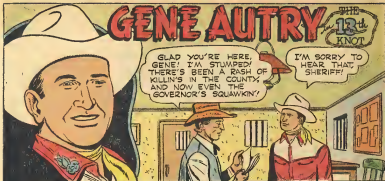


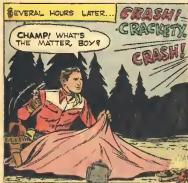
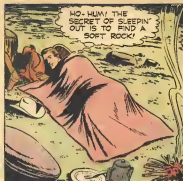
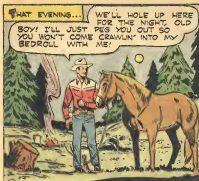
The rawhide rope is usually a half-inch in diameter and is braided from four to eight strands of rawhide. The hemp rope, most

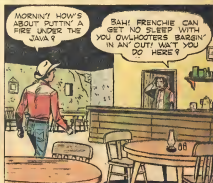
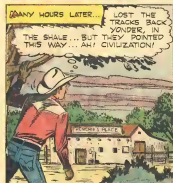
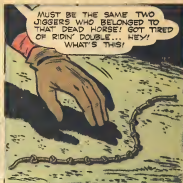
hand, takes a quick dally, or turn, around his saddlehorn after making a throw, thus, needing less rope.

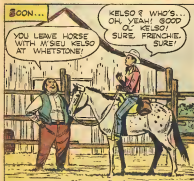
GENE AUTRY

THE
13th
KNOT







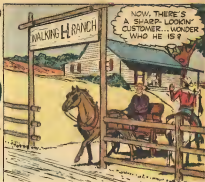


SOME SETUP! FRENCHIE'S A FENCE FOR BANDITS, AND THE HORSE THIEVES WHO STOLE CHAMP ARE IN ON IT... THE KNOTTED CORD MUST BE SOME SORT OF PASSPORT...
HM-MM!



WALKING H RANCH

NOW, THERE'S A SHARP-LOOKIN' CUSTOMER... WONDER WHO HE IS?



BRIEFLY...

JUDGE HARWOOD? I WAS SENT HERE BY SHERIFF BLAKE! AUTRY'S THE NAME!

GENE AUTRY? I'VE HEARD OF YOU! GLAD YOU'RE HERE! THERE'S TROUBLE A-PLENTY!



TWELVE MEN HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THE LAST SIX WEEKS! TWO MEN A WEEK! AND I'M NEXT... GOT A 'WARNIN' NOTE YESTERDAY!



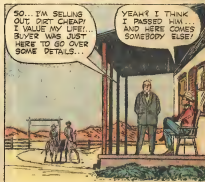
NO IDEA WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS. OF COURSE?

NONE! COULD BE ANY OF A HUNDRED CRIMINALS I'VE SENT TO YUMA... VIOCEUS CHARACTERS, ALL OF 'EM!



SO... I'M SELLING OUT, DIRTY CHEAP! I VALUE MY LIFE!... BUYER WAS JUST HERE TO GO OVER SOME DETAILS...

YEAH? I THINK I PASSED HIM... AND HERE COMES SOMEBODY ELSE!



HOWDY, AUNT!
WINCHESTER'S
MY HANDLE!

OH, DADDY! TOM
AND I ARE GOING
TO HAVE THE
CEREMONY HERE
AT THE RANCH!

TOM, IF YOU WANT TO MARRY
RUTH, IT'LL HAVE TO BE EAST
OF THE MISSISSIPPI! I'LL NOT
HAVE RUTH LIVING IN THIS
COUNTRY!

BUT, JUDGE! EVERYTHING I OWN IS
TIED UP IN MY LITTLE OL' FLYIN'-W!
I CAN'T LEAVE...

EXCUSE ME, FOLKS!
I'VE GOT BUSINESS
IN TOWN!

SO THIS IS WHETSTONE?
MY FRIEND, KELSO, WHOM I DON'T
KNOW, MAY BE THE KEY TO ALL
OUR TROUBLES! THAT REMINDS ME!
I BETTER TELEGRAPH
SHERIFF BLAKE!

WHETSTONE
HARNESS SHOP

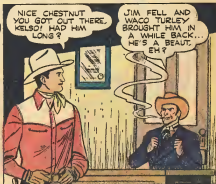
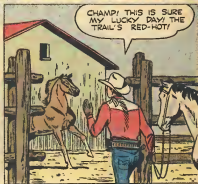
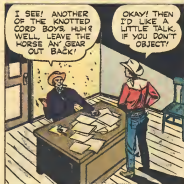
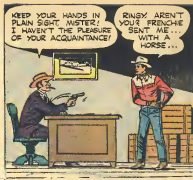
SHORTLY...

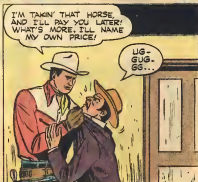
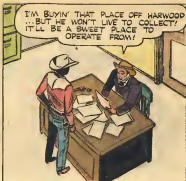
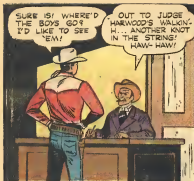
AND NOW LET'S GET
A SQUINT AT THIS
KELSO! HE'S IN CANKOOTS
WITH FRENCHIE AND THE
HORSE THIEVES.
THAT'S A
CINCH!

AMOS KELSO
REAL ESTATE AND LIVESTOCK

DON'T YOU EVER
KNOCK WHEN
ENTERIN' A
MAN'S OFFICE,
STRANGER?

HURTS MY
KNUCKLES, KELSO!
I GOT SOMETHIN'
TO SHOW YOU!





AND THE NEXT TIME ONE OF US BOYS WANTS SOMETHING, DON'T HOLD OUT, IF YOU WANT TO KEEP BREATHIN'!



SO THE HORSE THIEVES WENT TO THE WALKIN'-H! LOOKS BAD FOR JUDGE HARWOOD! BUT MAYBE I CAN GET THERE IN TIME TO HELP!



SOON...



FELL AND WACO TURLEY ARE STILL HERE! PLAYIN' CAT-AND-MOUSE WITH THE JUDGE, PROBABLY!

THE JUDGE IS STILL ALIVE! I'VE GOT TO DO THIS SMOOTH, THOUGH, OR HE'LL STOP A SLUG PRONTO!

YOU TWO MEN WILL SWING FOR THIS!



AW, YOUR HONOR, YOU'RE TALKIN' KIND OF PREVIOUS!

YEAH! YOU SENTENCED US TO BE HUNG ONCE! YOU AN' THE JURY!

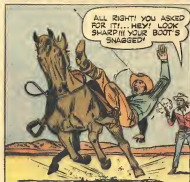


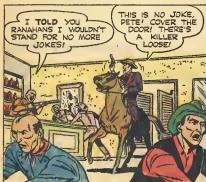
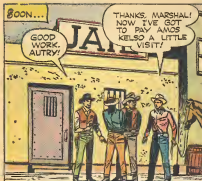
THE JURY IS ALL UNDER GRASS! TOOK US A LONG TIME... NOW WE GOT TWELVE KNOTS IN OUR STRINGS!

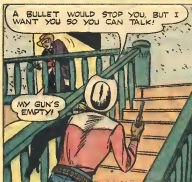
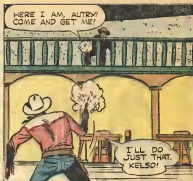


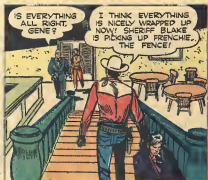
AN' YOU'RE THE THIRTEENTH KNOT, JUDGE! AN UNLUCKY NUMBER, EH?











INDIAN NAME WRITING



Since the American Indian had no written alphabet, his name writing was done in pictograph forms. On the war shield of the Blackfoot Chief Curly Bear, above, the pictograph name is easily read when one learns that the J-shaped lines are curls.



Other Blackfoot name writings are just as easily read. For example, Fig. 1 means Bull Plume and Fig. 2 is Many Tail Feathers. Try to sketch pictograph writings of these chiefs' names: Black Kettle, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, Mad Wolf, Spotted Tail. The Indian warrior was proud of his name, and usually had a pictograph of it painted on his war shield, tepee, and buffalo robes.



Some Indian tribes, such as the Dakota Sioux, often featured a human head in their name writings, as shown above. The war paint stripes and the war clubs indicate that each is a warrior. Fig. A is Medicine Bear. Fig. B is Black Buffalo. Fig. C is plainly Running Antelope, and Fig. D is White Hawk. The Sioux name pictograph was almost always attached to the human head by a heavy black line as shown above.



"White Quiver," Fig. 3, is the name of the Blackfoot warrior whose "writing" is an exact replica of his name. Fig. 4, also the name of a Blackfoot brave, shows an eagle before a feather. Therefore, his name could only be Eagle Feather. Indian pictograph reading is not difficult to learn, and with practice, the names of the warriors can be identified almost immediately.

CHAMPION

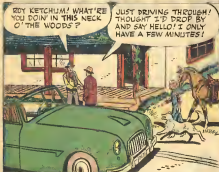
The Last Trick

PUT ON YOUR SUNDAY MANNERS, BOYS!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY!



ROY KETCHUM! WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN' IN THIS NECK
O' THE WOODS?

JUST DRIVING THROUGH!
THOUGHT I'D DROP BY
AND SAY HELLO! I ONLY
HAVE A FEW MINUTES!



THIS IS MY NEPHEW, RICKY WEST, ROY!

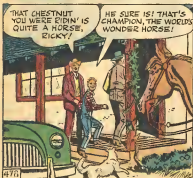
HELLO!

GLAD TO
MEET YOU!



THAT CHESTNUT
YOU WERE RIDIN' IS
QUITE A HORSE,
RICKY!

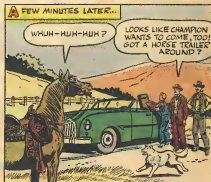
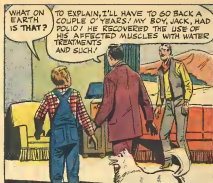
HE'S SURE IS! THAT'S
CHAMPION, THE WORLD'S
WONDER HORSE!

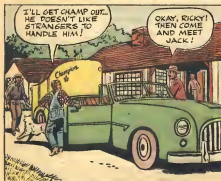
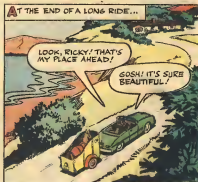
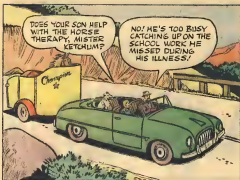


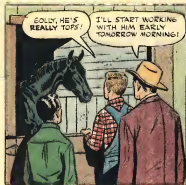
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS, ROY!
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' FOR A LIVIN'
NOWADAYS?

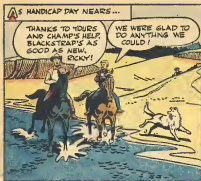
HORSE
THERAPY!



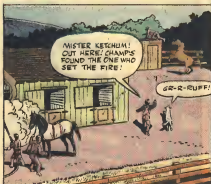








AND LEAPS INTO ACTION...



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HE GOT AWAY! BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT HE SET THAT FIRE! ALLIE WILL STAND GUARD FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT, AFTER HE PUTS BLACKSTRAP IN ANOTHER STALL! THANK GOODNESS, ABE'S COMING FOR HIM IN THE MORNING!

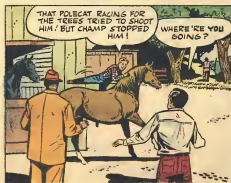
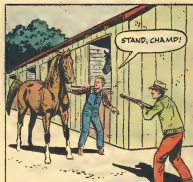


NEXT MORNING...

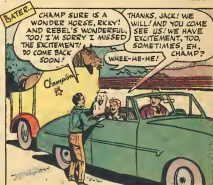
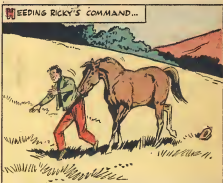
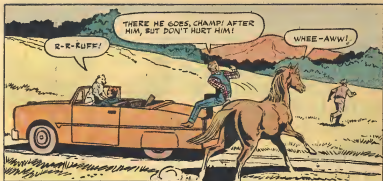


MEANWHILE...











Bursting into the office, young Gil Wherry started yelling as soon as he saw the white-haired man at the desk. "Sheriff! Sheriff!" He leaned against the doorway, gasping. "Quick! He's dead! You hear?—Dead! You've got to..."

"Easy now," Jed Collins said soothingly, struggling to his feet. "Just take it slow, young feller. What's happened? Who's dead?"

"Mister Potter! He's all sprawled out on the floor—it's terrible!" Gil stopped for breath, then continued. "He's been shot, Sheriff, and the safe is empty! Someone must've..."

"Frank Potter?" Shaken, the Sheriff regained his composure quickly. "Where is he? Has anyone sent for Doc Mesley?"

Gil nodded. "The doc says that Mister Potter has been dead more than an hour! He's there now!"

The Sheriff buckled on his gun belt hurriedly. "Where?"

"At the store."

Jed checked his gun and jerked his head at the younger man. "Come on!"

Ominously silent, the crowd packed around the front of the Potter's general store parted briefly as the Sheriff and Gil ran up, then closed in again as they went inside. Virtually every man there, Jed noted, carried a gun or rifle.

Inside, a short, stout man was bent over Frank's body. "Doc, is he really . . . ?" Jed began.

At the other's sympathetic nod, the Sheriff's jaw muscles rippled tensely. His hand strayed toward his holster. Then, just as suddenly, he relaxed, again the professional. "Cause of death?"

"Two bullets in the back," Doc said through clenched teeth. "One plowed right through the heart. The other . . ."

"In the back?" Jed's fist smashed down on the store counter. "In the back?" Doc nodded mutely.

The three of them stood there and listened as the three words echoed from the doorway and rumbled back through the crowd outside. Suddenly, the silence was worse than before.

Without a word, Jed stepped over and stood for a minute looking down at his old friend. He sighed heavily and stooped down.

"Don't seem right, to go through Frank's pockets," he muttered. "But I've got a job to do." Quickly, he went to work.

One by one, he tossed objects out onto the floor: a pipe . . . matches . . . keys . . . a photo . . . a handkerchief . . . a rabbit's foot . . . a large gold watch . . . some coins . . . a wrinkled wallet . . . a box of snuff . . . two pieces of paper.

"That's it," he said, turning his back on the body and inspecting the pitifully small heap of Frank Potter's most personal possessions.

He picked up the two sheets of paper. "Looks like an order for some salesman," he said disgustedly, shoving the first in his pocket.

"And this," he murmured, "appears to be a letter. Or, part of a letter, anyway—just the last page!" He started to read, then looked up apologetically, embarrassed. "Seems wrong, to read Frank's mail like this, but . . ."

He returned to the letter, reading slowly, his brow wrinkled in concentration.

All at once, he crumpled the paper till the veins on his hand bulged. His lips were pressed in a tight, atraight line, bloodless and white.

Finally he turned to Gil. "Where's Johnny?"

"Why, I don't know, Sheriff. He usually shows up here the same time I do. Guess he's late today."

"Two hours late?" the Sheriff roared.

Doc spoke up. "Oh, you mean Johnny Fraser, Jed. That new lad who started workin' here about two months ago, along with Gil. At first, I didn't know who you were talkin' about!" He stared at the Sheriff. "But, you don't think . . ."

Ignoring Doc, Jed took a quick look around the room. "Tell me about this mornin', young feller."

Gil bit his lip thoughtfully. "Well, I showed up at the regular time and the door was unlocked. I thought maybe Mister Potter, or Johnny, had gotten here first, so I didn't think much about it.

"Then," he continued, "I walked in and, all at once, I saw it . . . him, I mean!"

"What about the safe?" Jed interrupted. "You said it was empty?"

Gil walked to the back of the store, accompanied by the other two men. "Just like that!" he said, pointing to the open-doored safe. "Empty!"

The Sheriff sniffed. "Ain't been no tamperin' with that door—it was opened easy." He looked at Gil. "Anyone else have the combination?"

"Besides Mister Potter? Well, I did, of course," Gil's eyes brightened. "And Johnny! Mister Potter gave it to Johnny just last week!"

Jed chewed his lower lip nervously, deep in thought. The oppressive silence stretched on and on till Doc finally nudged him.

"The letter, Jed? What was in the letter?"

Jed answered without moving his eyes from the body of Frank Potter. "It was only the last page—and it didn't say why. But the feller who wrote it was threatenin' to kill Frank!"

He fingered his gun butt, turning toward Doc. "And the feller who wrote it was—Johnny Fraser!"

Gil sucked in an incredulous breath. "Johnny?"

"Johnny Fraser?" Doc shook his head slowly, unbelieving. "I know he's only been 'round a couple of months . . . but . . . not Johnny! He's too nice a kid, Jed!"

"I've corralled a lot of 'nice' killers in my time, Doc!" the Sheriff said softly.

As the three of them stood there, two words drifted in from the doorway: "Johnny Fraser! . . . Johnny Fraser! . . . Johnny Fraser!"

Gradually, the murmur grew to a rumble, a kind of deep-throated growl. And they heard a new word, an ugly word from the crowd outside: "Rope!"

"Better do something, quick, Jed!" Doc cried. "They're workin' up to a necktie party!"

Gil whirled around. "And why not, Doc? You want to pat Johnny on the head and lock him up safe in jail and say 'Bad Boy'? Is that what you want?"

"No, Gil," the older man replied gently. "Don't forget that Frank Potter was my friend for almost twenty years! But I don't believe in men behavin' like animals!"

"Doc's right, Gil."

The younger man turned to the Sheriff. "What sort of evidence do you need? Do you want a picture of him shootin' Mister Potter in the back?"

Squaring his shoulders, the Sheriff smiled at Gil and walked across the store. Outside, onlookers pressed back to clear a path. At the porch rail, he signaled for attention and waited while the crowd drew closer.

"You've heard rumors already," he began, "and part of them are true—Johnny Fraser is involved in this thing, some way. I'm goin' to arrest him on suspicion!"

Then, firmly and quietly, frowning at the few catcalls, he warned against any more talk of lynching. His becklers soon faded away. Most of the men knew Jed and knew him well; they respected his opinion, and his reputation for justice.

"Frank Potter," he said in conclusion, "was one of my best friends. The man who killed him will HANG for it—I promise you that, but we'll do it legal!"

Shortly afterward, Johnny Fraser's landlady came up to say that he had headed for Tylerville. "Said he was going to spend the

dey there," she confided. "Said he'd be back tonight."

Less than half an hour later, a posse of some twenty-five armed men thundered down Main Street, headed for Tylerville.

As they neared the small red schoolhouse, just beyond town, Jed raised his hand to signal a sudden halt.

Standing in the exact center of the road, arms folded and her chin at a belligerent angle, stood a small, grey-haired woman. There she remained, statue still, until the posse slid to a halt in front of her.

"Good thing we saw you, Miss Ruth!" Jed shouted. "We might've run you down."

"Don't shout at me, Jed Collins," the little old lady declared.

"But what's the matter? Why are you out here holdin' up the posse like this?"

"If you won't be so rude," Miss Ruth said primly, "I'll explain."

"I should think so," Jed mumbled impatiently, half-amused, half-angry.

Miss Ruth walked up and assumed her classroom stance. "Well," she began, "one of my boys just arrived, late for class, and told me about this terrible, terrible murder. AND about this posse." She smoothed out a non-existent wrinkle in her dress. "So I came out to stop you—because you are chasing the wrong man!"

Jed's patience exploded. "Miss Ruth, you look after your school kids and I'll take care of the murderers!"

Miss Ruth remained unperturbed. "Johnny Fraser didn't kill Frank Potter."

"He didn't, eh?" the Sheriff yelled. Then, he added, with mock solemnity, "Might I ask you did, Ma'am?"

Miss Ruth pointed a stern, dramatic finger. "That young man—Gil Wherry! And I can prove it!"

Several of the men guffawed openly. Gil sputtered a protest, then grinned. But Jed dismounted and stood before the schoolteacher, unsmiling. "I'm always ready to listen to evidence, Miss Ruth."

Miss Ruth raised her voice, as though addressing a class. "Johnny Fraser is in Tylerville today because he is purchasing a new outfit—he is marrying Lily Shuman tomorrow!"

"But . . ."

"You see," she continued, ignoring Jed. "Lily used to date Gil Wherry once in a while—before Johnny came to town. And Gil was insanely jealous; he even threatened to kill Johnny."

Jed started to interrupt again, but Miss Ruth took a deep breath and hurried on. "Also, Gil learned just yesterday that Frank Potter intended to make Johnny a partner in the store eventually—although Gil had been there much longer."

"But none of this makes Gil a murderer!" Jed broke in.

The schoolmistress openly held back her temper. "Gil Wherry killed Frank for three reasons. One: to get hold of the money in the safe. Two: to get Johnny lynched and out of the way as his rival for Lily. Three: to take over the store—as you know, Frank Potter has no heirs!"

Suddenly, Gil grabbed for his gun. But Jed saw the movement and his own was faster. Firing twice, he smiled with satisfaction as Gil winced and dropped his gun, clutching his shoulder.

"I'd be mighty grateful," Jed said grimly, "if you'd try that just once more!"

Then, as several men rushed up to take care of the wounded man, the Sheriff turned back to the little teacher.

"But how did you know all of this—about Lily and Johnny, I mean?"

Visibly shaken by the shooting, but maintaining her dignity, Miss Ruth shrugged her tiny shoulders. "Johnny Fraser is an orphan. He never had a chance to go to school. Several days ago, he came to me—asked if I would give him lessons. We talked—that is, he talked about all of his problems."

"All right," Jed grinned, lifting his Stetson. "my hat's off to you, Ma'am."

Then, starting to mount his horse, he whirled around suddenly. "But, that letter! I saw that letter myself—and it was from Johnny Fraser!"

Miss Ruth looked up almost archly. "When I heard about that letter, I knew Johnny wasn't guilty! You see, I'm teaching Johnny penmanship—he can't even write his own name!"

AN *Album* OF FAMOUS RANCHES



THE JA HOME RANCH — *Early Texas Panhandle Outfit*

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT CHARLES GOODNIGHT WAS THE GREATEST COWMAN EVER TO SETTLE IN THE TEXAS PANHANDLE. HE ORIGINALLY RAN CATTLE ON THE BRAZOS RIVER, IN NORTH-CENTRAL TEXAS, AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO DRIVE HERDS NORTH AND WEST. IN 1866, HE AND HIS PARTNER, OLIVER LOVING, DROVE A HERD TO NEW MEXICO, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT NEEDED BEEF TO FEED THE SOLDIERS AND RESERVATION INDIANS. LOVING WAS AMBUSHED BY THE COMANCHES AND DIED OF HIS WOUNDS AT FORT SUMNER. THE NEXT YEAR, GOODNIGHT PUSHED A HERD OF LONGHORNS ALL THE WAY UP TO DENVER. FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS, HE TRAILED CATTLE

NORTH, GOING AS FAR AS WYOMING. HE ESTABLISHED "HOLDING RANCHES" IN NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO. HE HEARD ABOUT THE WONDERFUL PALO DURO CANYON IN THE PANHANDLE WHERE THE RANGE WAS SO SHELTERED THAT THE GRASS GREW ALL WINTER. SO IN 1875, HE MOVED 1500 HEAD OF CATTLE ACROSS THE STAKED PLAINS

AND INTO THE PALO DURO. HIS COWBOYS HAD TO RUN THOUSANDS OF BUFFALO OUT OF THE CANYON. THUS, THE FAMOUS "JA HOME" RANCH WAS ESTABLISHED. IT COVERED THOUSANDS OF ACRES. THE BRAND WAS NAMED FOR JANE ADAIR GOODNIGHT. THIS GREAT TEXAS COWMAN DIED WHEN HE WAS NINETY-THREE YEARS OLD.





THE WETHERILL RANCH

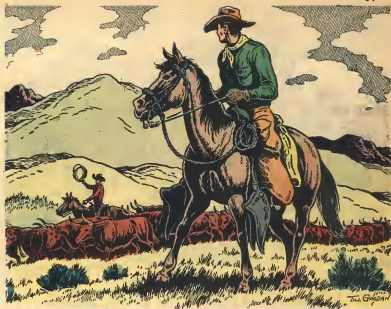
Famous New Mexico Horse Outfit

RICHARD WETHERILL'S HOBBY WAS FINE HORSES AND HE DELIGHTED IN HORSE TRADING. HE ESTABLISHED ONE OF THE FIRST BIG RANCHES IN NEW MEXICO. IT WAS IN CHACO CANYON, ABOUT 150 MILES NORTHWEST OF ALBUQUERQUE, AT THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT PUEBLO BONITO RUINS. THIS WAS, AND STILL IS, ONE OF THE WILDEST AND MOST REMOTE SECTIONS IN THE COUNTRY. EVEN TODAY, FEW ROADS ENTER THIS VAST WILDERNESS. THE MAIN PASTURE AT THE WETHERILL RANCH WAS THREE MILES WIDE AND EIGHT MILES LONG—TWENTY-FOUR SQUARE MILES OF LAND EMBRACING OVER FIFTEEN THOUSAND ACRES. THAT IS QUITE

A PASTURE IN ANY LEAGUE. FEW FENCES WERE NECESSARY BECAUSE MOST OF THIS HUGE AREA WAS SURROUNDED BY SHEER CLIFFS. THE RANCH WAS SITUATED NEAR THE CENTER OF THE NAVAJO INDIAN RESERVATION, AND WETHERILL STARTED ONE OF THE FIRST INDIAN TRADING POSTS. FOR MANY YEARS, HE PROSPERED,

BUYING AND SELLING HORSES, RAISING A FEW CATTLE, AND TRADING WITH THE INDIANS. IN 1908, AN INDIAN SHOT AND KILLED THIS MAN WHO HAD BEFRIENDED THE RED MEN FOR MORE THAN A GENERATION. AFTER THE TRAGEDY, MRS. WETHERILL AND HER CHILDREN MOVED AWAY AND STARTED A RANCH IN ARIZONA.





THE PRAIRIE CATTLE CO.

Pioneer Colorado Ranch

MANY OF THE WEST'S PIONEER CATTLE RANCHES WERE FINANCED BY ENGLISH MONEY. THE PRAIRIE CATTLE COMPANY OF SOUTHERN COLORADO WAS OWNED BY A BRITISH SYNDICATE. THEIR BRAND ...A DOUBLE J... LOOKED LIKE THIS...**JJ**. THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF ENGAGING IN THE CATTLE BUSINESS. ONE WAY IS THE "COW AND CALF OUTFIT"... THE RANCH KEEPS A HERD OF "MOTHER COWS" AND DEPENDS ON THE NATURAL INCREASE TO BUILD UP ITS HERDS. THE OTHER METHOD IS THE STRAIGHT STEER OUTFIT... CATTLE ARE BOUGHT IN THE SPRING AND SOLD IN THE FALL. THE DOUBLE J WAS A STEER

OUTFIT. EVERY SPRING TRAINLOADS OF STEERS WERE SHIPPED IN AND PUT ON GOOD GRASS. THE **JJ** RAN TEN WAGONS. THERE WAS A FOREMAN AND TEN COWBOYS TO EACH WAGON. EACH COWBOY HAD TEN HORSES IN HIS STRING. THAT MADE 110 RIDERS ON THE PAY ROLL AND ELEVEN HUNDRED HEAD OF SADDLE HORSES IN THE CAVVY. THE **JJ** HAD MILES OF ALFALFA PASTURES ALONG A RIVER. WHERE THEY FATTENED CATTLE. THIS GREAT RANCH FOLDED AND WENT BROKE IN THE EARLY 1900'S.





THE EUREKA RANCH

One of Arizona's Oldest

THE HISTORIC OLD EUREKA RANCH, ONE OF THE OLDEST, AND ONE OF THE LARGEST IN ARIZONA, IS SITUATED AT THE HEAD OF ARAVAIPA CANYON, IN EASTERN ARIZONA. IT WAS ESTABLISHED AS A STAGE STATION ON A GOVERNMENT HOMESTEAD, LYING ALONG THE TRAIL FROM FORT THOMAS TO FORT GRANT, BY GEORGE STEVENS IN THE EARLY 1870'S. THE OLD STAGE STATION, STILL THE MAIN ROOM AT THE EUREKA RANCH HOUSE, WAS BUILT IN A STOCKADE FASHION, AROUND A CENTRAL COURT-YARD, AS A DEFENSE AGAINST THE APACHE INDIANS WHO FOUGHT SO SAVAGELY AGAINST THE INVASION OF THE WHITE MEN. IN THOSE DAYS, THE LITTLE TOWN OF BONITA, NESTLING NEAR THE FORT, WAS A ROARING MILITARY VILLAGE. IT WAS IN THIS TOWN THAT

BILLY THE KID, NOTORIOUS GUNMAN AND OUTLAW, IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SLAIN HIS PARTNER. HE WAS CAPTURED AND LOCKED UP AT FORT GRANT, BUT HE ESCAPED. IN HIS LEG IRONS TO THE EUREKA RANCH WHERE HE FILED THEM OFF AND MADE HIS GET AWAY. THE RUSTED LEG IRONS WERE FOUND BY A COWPUNCHER MANY YEARS LATER. THE OLD EUREKA OUTFIT WAS STOCKED WITH MEXICAN AND NATIVE CATTLE, BUT TODAY IT BOASTS ONE OF

THE FINEST HERDS OF PUREBRED HEREFORDS TO BE FOUND IN ARIZONA. IT IS SAID, THAT THE EUREKA HAS GATHERED AS MANY AS 12,000 HEAD OF CATTLE IN ONE

ROUNDUP. THIS GREAT RANCH IS STILL IN OPERATION. IT COVERS 90,000 ACRES OF RANGE LAND AND IRRIGATED PASTURE LAND.





THE LIGHTNING C

Famous Rodeo Ranch of Texas

IN RECENT YEARS, RODEO HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT SPORTS IN AMERICA. IT RANKS RIGHT UP WITH BASEBALL AND FOOTBALL IN ATTENDANCE AND GATE RECEIPTS. IT IS TRULY AN AMERICAN SPORT, BASED ON THE CATTLE BUSINESS, AND THE CHORES A COWBOY HAS TO DO. IT IS THE ONLY SPORT WHERE THE CONTESTANT HAS TO PAY AN ENTRY FEE FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF PARTICIPATING. THERE ARE, IN THE UNITED STATES, SEVERAL RANCHES WHICH SPECIALIZE IN RAISING AND MAINTAINING LIVESTOCK FOR USE IN THE RODEOS. ONE OF

THE MOST FAMOUS IS THE LIGHTNING C OF DUBLIN, TEXAS. THE BRAND IS **C**. THE **C** FURNISHES ALL STOCK FOR THE GREAT RODEOS AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND BOSTON GARDEN. THIS RANCH HAS ONE OF THE LARGEST HERDS OF TEXAS LONGHORNS TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTRY. ONE OF THEIR STEERS HAS A SPREAD OF HORNS WHICH IS ALMOST SEVEN FEET WIDE. THE **C** OWNS MANY FAMOUS BUCKING HORSES, HIGH SKIP, HOME BREW, CALGARY RED, AND THEY OWNED THE GREAT HELL'S ANGEL, THE HORSE THAT WAS RIDDEN ONLY ONCE IN ELEVEN YEARS OF BUCKING.





THE KING RANCH

The Great "Running W" of Texas...

CAPTAIN RICHARD KING ESTABLISHED THE KING RANCH BEFORE THE MEXICAN WAR OF 1846. HE WAS THE OWNER OF THE SANTA GERTRUDIS LAND GRANT WHICH COVERED MORE THAN 85,000 ACRES. HIS BRAND, THE "RUNNING-W," LOOKED LIKE THIS—W. IT IS SAID THAT CAPTAIN KING HAD 65,000 HEAD OF CATTLE, 10,000 HORSES, AND 8,000 GOATS WEARING THIS BRAND. HE EMPLOYED MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED COWBOYS AND BRANDED MORE THAN 12,000 CALVES EACH YEAR. HE SOLD OVER 10,000 STEERS EACH FALL. BEFORE CAPTAIN KING DIED, HIS VAST ESTATE HAD GROWN TO MORE

THAN A MILLION ACRES. HIS COWBOYS STAYED WITH HIM GENERATION AFTER GENERATION. TODAY THE KING RANCH IS ONE OF THE SHOW PLACES OF AMERICA. ITS VAST ACRES EMBRACE MORE THAN A DOZEN SMALL TOWNS. IT BOASTS ONE OF THE LARGEST PRIVATE GAME PRESERVES IN THE WORLD. IN RECENT YEARS THE RANCH HAS DEVELOPED, BY MEANS OF SELECTIVE BREEDING, A NEW,

DISTINCTIVE BREED OF CATTLE KNOWN AS THE SANTA GERTRUDIS. THEY ARE THE RESULT OF CROSSING NATIVE TEXAS CATTLE, PURE-BRED HEREFORDS, AND BRAHMAS, IMPORTED FROM INDIA.





THE TERRAZAS RANCH

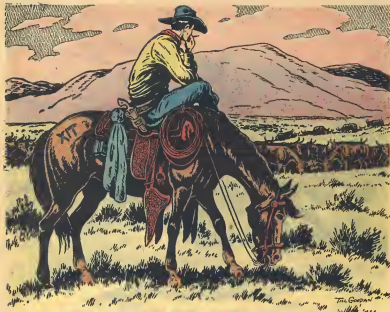
The Famous **Ts** of Old Mexico

AT ONE TIME, THE TERRAZAS RANCH WAS CONSIDERED TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. IT IS SAID THAT SENOR TERRAZAS DID NOT KNOW HOW MANY HEAD OF CATTLE OR HOW MUCH LAND HE OWNED. BUT IT IS BELIEVED THAT HIS HOLDINGS COVERED MORE THAN SIX MILLION ACRES, AND HE WAS RUNNING ALMOST A HALF MILLION HEAD OF CATTLE. AND THAT IS AN AWFUL LOT OF BEEFSTEAK. THEY TELL THE STORY ABOUT THE TEXAS COWMAN WHO WENT DOWN TO THE **Ts** TO BUY SOME STOCKER CATTLE. THIS MAN WAS A LITTLE TOO BIG FOR HIS BRITCHES. HE WAS INCLINED TO BOAST ABOUT HIS VAST HOLDINGS AND HIS HUGE

HERDS OF CATTLE. FINALLY HE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS AND SAID, "SENOR TERRAZAS, I WONDER IF YOU CAN SUPPLY ME WITH FIVE THOUSAND HEAD OF LONG YEARLING HEIFERS." SENOR TERRAZAS REPLIED, "WHAT COLOR?" THE **Ts** RANCH WAS RAIDED BY BANDITS AND SENOR TERRAZAS EMPLOYED A FIGHTING CREW TO PROTECT HIS HERDS. WHEN TERRAZAS

DIED, THE BANDITS KIDNAPPED HIS BODY AND HELD IT FOR RANSOM. AFTER THE DEATH OF THE SENOR, THIS HUGE CATTLE EMPIRE WAS BROKEN UP AND DIVIDED AMONG HIS MANY HEIRS. IT IS SAID THAT EACH ONE RECEIVED ABOUT 100,000 ACRES. THIS WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST RANCHES.





THE XIT RANCH

The Celebrated "Ten In Texas"

THE GREAT XIT RANCH WAS SO NAMED BECAUSE ITS MILLIONS OF ACRES OF RANGE LAND COVERED TEN COUNTIES IN TEXAS. IT WAS OWNED BY A SYNDICATE WHICH RECEIVED THIS VAST AREA AS A GRANT FROM THE STATE IN RETURN FOR BUILDING THE TEXAS CAPITAL, AT THAT TIME THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY. THE PASTURES OF THIS ENORMOUS RANCH WERE SO LARGE THAT A COWHAND COULD RIDE ALL DAY AND NEVER SIGHT A BOUNDARY FENCE. THE NORTH LINE OF THE RANCH

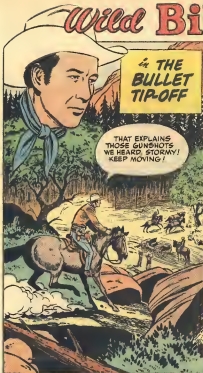
EXTENDED FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED MILES ALONG THE NEW MEXICO BORDER. IT IS SAID THAT THE XIT BRAND WAS ONE OF THE FEW EVER REGISTERED THAT COULD NOT BE ALTERED. IN THE EARLY

DAYS, THE GRASS WAS SO THICK AND HEAVY THAT THE COWMEN COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A TIME WHEN THE FEED WOULD BE SHORT, SO THEY OVER-STOCKED THE RANGE. TODAY SOME OF THIS ONCE-RICH PASTURE LAND WILL SUSTAIN ONLY ONE COW TO THE SECTION.

THE XIT IS STILL A GREAT COW OUTFIT.



Wild Bill Elliott



**IN THE
BULLET
TIP-OFF**

THAT EXPLAINS
THOSE GUNSHOTS
WE HEARD, STORMY!
KEEP MOVING!



STRETCH
YOUR LEGS,
BOY!



HEY! WHO'S
THROWIN'
LEAD?

A RIDER UP THERE! C'MON,
LET'S GO! NO SENSE
ASKIN' FOR A DOSE O'
LEAD POISONIN'!

POW!



HOLD IT, STORMY! THOSE
BIRDS'LL BE UNDER COVER
BEFORE EVEN YOU COULD
CATCH UP WITH THEM!



TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T
A FEW MINUTES
EARLIER, MISTER!
THOSE POLECATS
TOOK ALL PA'S
CASH!

I'M SORRY 'BOUT
THAT! BUT KNOWIN'
ROAD AGENTS LIKE I DO,
YOU'RE LUCKY THEY
DIDN'T TAKE YOUR
LIVES, TOO!

RIGHT! AN' WE ARE GRATEFUL
TO YOU FOR SCARIN' 'EM
OFF! I'M TOM MORGAN!
THIS IS MY SON, ROD!

GLAD TO
KNOW
YOU! MY
NAME'S
ELLIOTT—
BILL ELLIOTT!



GEE! I'VE HEARD LOTS ABOUT
YOU! DID THE SHERIFF SEND
FOR YOU TO HELP ROUND UP
THOSE OWLHOOTS? THEY'VE
GOT HIM PLUMB BUFFALOED!

NO, HE
DIDN'T! BUT
I'LL BE GLAD
TO LEND A
HAND! WHAT'S
THE
SITUATION?



THIS IS THE SIXTH HOLDUP
ON THIS ROAD IN TWO WEEKS!
THE SHERIFF IS GOIN'
CRAZY! THEY...

ROD! ROUND
UP THE
TEAM! I'LL
GIVE ELLIOTT
THE LOW-DOWN!



THE SHERIFF TOLD ME YESTERDAY HE
HAS ONLY THIS TO WORK ON:
ALL THE VICTIMS ARE HELD UP
AFTER LEAVIN' WAYFARERS'
REST! THAT'S AN INN BACK--

I'VE
HEARD
OF THE
PLACE!
GO ON!



WELL, THE SHERIFF FIGURES SOMEBODY
AT THE INN TIPS OFF THE CROOKS TO
WHO'S WORTH ROBBIN'! BUT, SO FAR,
HE HASN'T TURNED UP A SCRAP OF
EVIDENCE!



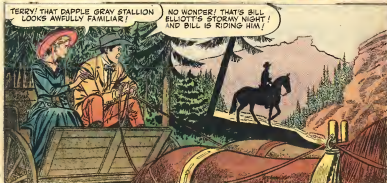
THAT'S NOT SURPRISING!
WHOEVER'S DOING IT WOULD
BE ON HIS GUARD WITH THE
LAW AROUND! WHO RUNS
THE INN?

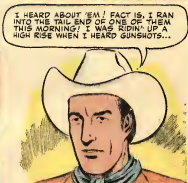
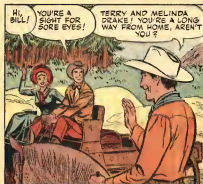
HARRY POTTER!
BUT HE'S AS
STRAIGHT AS A
WAGON TONGUE!
I'VE KNOWN HIM
FOR YEARS!





A LITTLE LATER...

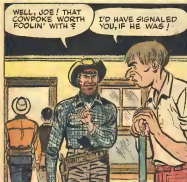




AFTER BILL TELLS HIS STORY...



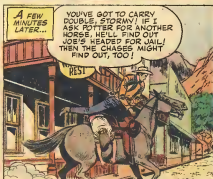


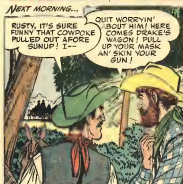


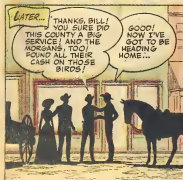
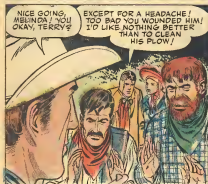


A LITTLE LATER...









INDIAN BOW AND ARROW MAKING



Indian-fashion like the one at the top of the page.

Excellent arrows may be made from cedar dowels, 28 inches long by $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Split feathers, as in Fig. A, and trim feather vanes, Fig. B. Using shoemaker's thread, glue and tie three vanes to arrow shaft, Fig. C. Fig. D shows end view of mounted vanes.

Arrowheads may be cut from sheet metal, Fig. E. Notch end of shaft with saw and fasten arrowhead into notch with glue and shoemaker's thread, figures F and G.

The Western Indian knew that his life depended on his skill in producing bows and arrows that would never fail him in battle and aid him in the hunt. Therefore, he expended the greatest care and effort in the making of these weapons. By following the directions below, you can make bows and arrows very similar to those used by the Indians.

Obtain a piece of seasoned mill-cut maple or ash, 1 inch thick, 2 inches wide, and 40 inches long. From the center, measure $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches each way for a 5-inch grip. Fig. 1. From grip marks, measure 4 inches toward each end of wood, and mark. Then add another 3 inches and mark. Now outline the bow, Fig. 1, making the grip $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and tapering down to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at ends.

Cut your bow out, Fig. 2, and taper the face of the rough bow toward each end, Fig. 3. Make a curved wood form, Fig. 4, and after steaming the middle section of the bow for an hour, bend and tie it over the form, and let it dry 24 hours.

Smooth down rough edges, Fig. 5; then notch at ends, Fig. 6. With strips of fringed leather and oil paints, decorate your bow



JOHNNY MACK BROWN

*The Cold blooded
Frame-up*



SHERIFF'S OFFICE



A MOB IN FRONT OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! SOMETHING MUST BE HAPPENING!

HAND HIM OVER IN TWO MINUTES, SHERIFF! OR WE'LL TAKE HIM!

OVER MY DEAD BODY!
AND OVER SOME OF
YOURS, TOO... IF IT
HAS TO BE THAT WAY!



HI, TOM! CAN YOU USE SOME HELP
UP THERE?

JOHNNY MACK BROWN! YOU
NEVER WERE MORE WELCOME
ANYPLACE! BUT DON'T DRAW
YOUR GUN YET!



THIS MOB'S LIKE A
PILE OF BLASTIN'
POWDER! THE SIGHT
OF BLUE STEEL
MIGHT SET IT OFF!

DON'T WORRY!
MY GUN STAYS
PUT, UNLESS
EVERYTHING
ELSE FAILS!



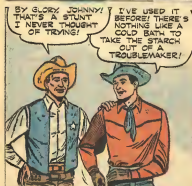
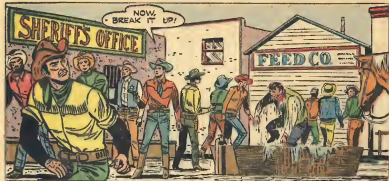
YOU MIGHT AS WELL
VAMOOSE, MEN! YOU'RE
NOT TOUCHING DICK
RANSOM!

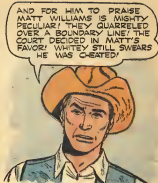
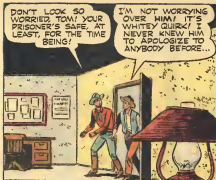
HE'S A KILLER!

HE WAS
CAUGHT
RED-HANDED!





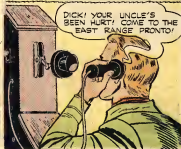




"I WAS EATING BREAKFAST WHEN THE PHONE RANG!"



"I ANSWERED IT! AT FIRST, THERE WAS JUST SILENCE! THEN I HEARD A STRANGE, FARAWAY VOICE!"



"I DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME GETTING OUT THERE!"



"BUT I WAS TOO LATE!"

"HE'S... HE'S BEEN SHOT... IN THE BACK!"

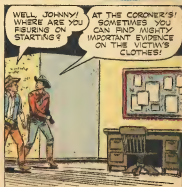
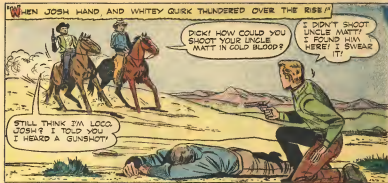


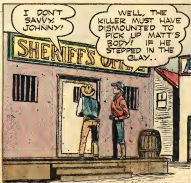
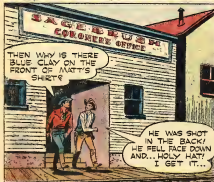
"A GUN WAS LYING BESIDE HIM! I PICKED IT UP! IT WAS STILL WARM!"

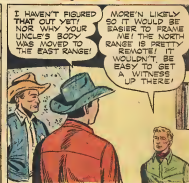


"I WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE TO LOOK FOR TRACKS OF THE KILLER'S HORSE..."









SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE
CONVINCED WHITEY
QUIRK'S OUR MAN!

I AM! AND IF
YOU'LL TAKE A
LOOK AT HIS BOOTS,
YOU'LL BE
CONVINCED, TOO.
I'LL BET!



BLAST IT, JOHNNY!
WITHOUT MORE TO
GO ON, I CAN'T MAKE HIM
SHOW ME HIS BOOTS!
HE...

HOLD IT!
I'VE GOT
AN
IDEA!



IN SPITE OF THE MURDER, ARE THEY
STILL PLANNING TO HOLD THIS AFFAIR
TONIGHT?

SURPRISE SUPPER
AUG. 10
TOWN HALL
ENTERTAINMENT
and
REFRESHMENT
Benefit
SAGEBRUSH
HOSPITAL FUND



YES! IT WAS TOO LATE
TO CALL IT OFF! BESIDES
MATT WOULDN'T WANT
'EM TO! WHY'RE YOU
SO INTERESTED?

KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON,
AND I'LL
TELL YOU!



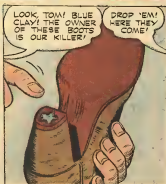
THAT EVENING...

MIX THEM AROUND, SHERIFF!
AND REMEMBER, MEN... THE
FIRST ONE WHO FINDS HIS BOOTS,
GETS BACK TO THE WALL, AND
PUTS THEM ON IS THE WINNER!



LOOK, TOM! BLUE
CLAY! THE OWNER
OF THESE BOOTS
IS OUR KILLER!

DROP 'EM!
HERE THEY
COME!



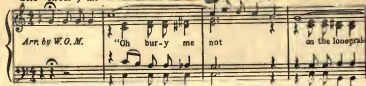


OH, BURY ME NOT



FROM
ALL AMERICAN SONG BOOK
Published by
GOSWICK MUSIC CORPORATION
USED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

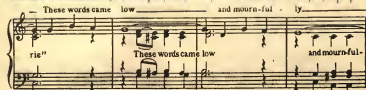
Solo "Oh bur-y me not on the lone prai-rie"



Arr. by W. O. M.

"Oh bur-y me not

on the lone prai-

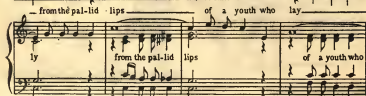


These words came low and mourn-ful-ly

rie"

These words came low

and mourn-ful-

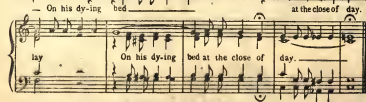


from the pal-lid lips of a youth who lay

ly

from the pal-lid lips

of a youth who



On his dy-ing bed at the close of day.

lay

On his dy-ing bed at the close of day.

2. OH BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

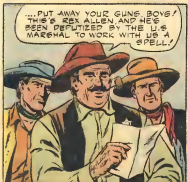
WHERE THE KIWOTES HOWL, AND THE WIND BLOWS FREE:
IN A NARROW GRAVE, JUST SIX BY THREE,
OH BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE.

OH BURY ME NOT, AND HIS VOICE RAILED THERE,
BUT WE TOOK NO HEED TO HIS DYING PRAYER:
IN A NARROW GRAVE, JUST SIX BY THREE
WE BURIED HIM THERE ON THE LONE PRAIRIE.

4. YES, WE BURIED HIM THERE ON THE LONE PRAIRIE,
WHERE THE OLD NIGHT OWL HOOTS MOURNFULLY:
AND THE BLIZZARD HOWLS, AND THE WIND BLOWS FREE
OVER THAT LONELY GRAVE ON THE LONE PRAIRIE.



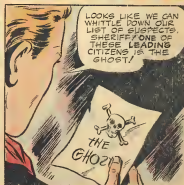
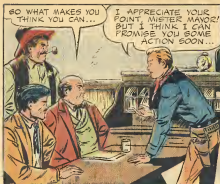




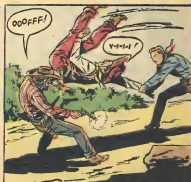


NEXT MORNING, THE CITY COUNCIL MEETS IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...







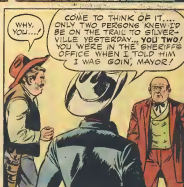
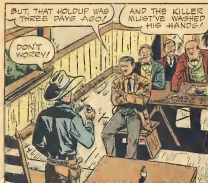




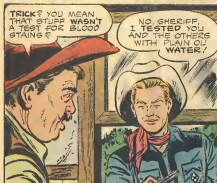
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, BACK IN CHICO CITY...















SHIRAZI-REIS ADZINO